

Maristown & Herby. P.O.

The Indiana Times.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER DEVOTED TO MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

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SALEM, INDIANA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1830.

VOL. I. NO. 7.

TERMS.—THE INDIANA TIMES will be published weekly on such days as will best suit the mails, and delivered to subscribers at the Printing Office, or left at the Post Office, packeted and directed to any other Post Office, at three dollars a volume, (52 numbers,) if not paid until the close of the year, but may be had by the payment of two dollars within three months, or two twenty-five within six mo. Quarter or half year subscribers, by punctual payment at the close of each quarter, will have their papers at the rate of two dollars per volume. Subscribers can discontinue at any time by paying up arrears. Most kinds of country produce received in payment.

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From the Journal of Health.

THE MYSTERY REVEALED.

GOOD HEALTH, like truth, is a simple subject when rightly understood, but in the search after truth, we often reason very correctly on wrong data, or lose ourselves in a labyrinth of deductions erroneously drawn from right principles: like certain learned doctors, who prove their positions by quotations that have as much connexion with their subject, as the foot of London bridge has with the fourth of July.

But the question might be asked, What is health? Presuming it be correct to answer, by saying it is freedom from disease, for, the free, vigorous, and natural exercise of all the functions of body and mind; the oft repeated story of the Doctor's book, after death, will be readily understood by a mere, as may be said, *facile* professor of medicine. The story has been variously told, and passed to the credit of divers persons; but, perhaps is, after all, like so many of Deum's proverbs, made expressly for the purpose, and is none the worse for not being old.

A famous man of medicine, so famous for his cures—his wonderful cures, gave out some years before his decease, that he would leave a book in manuscript, which should contain the result of all his practice and experience, reading & learned research; the same to be sold at public auction for the benefit of his widow and children.

In the course of nature he died before his wife—a fortunate circumstance for the narrative. According to directions, all the facts in this "notable" transaction were laid before the discerning public, in the newspapers, and the time for the auction appointed. This event also took place, as exact as the almanac calculations, and brought with it many of the rich and the learned from distant places. The auction went on rapidly, and the precious treasure, finely wrapped, and the bandages on the envelope duly and officially sealed with bright glossy red sealing wax, was fairly and finally bought by a wealthy nobleman, who was nobly determined to keep this valuable and desirable book of medical experience in the country. When all the ceremonies of cash and delivery were duly disposed of, he retired to the innermost recess of his palace—his very private cabinet, to read with dear bought delight, this production of wisdom. He broke the seal, and removed many a fine tinted wrapper until he came to a book, in appearance very suitable for a beautiful young lady's Album, those pretty repertoires and depositories of love and nonsense; he opened the delicate lily-white pages with gilt edges, "bound in gilt calf,"—but found the fair pages not yet written on; the blank yet to be filled: like the heads of many young men. Still he had courage and hope, for he had paid his gold for wisdom, and he turned over the pages until he came to the following words—words deserving to be written in letters, like those over the principal gate of Athens, in the days of their pride and glory.

"Keep the feet dry—the skin clean: the head cool—the digestion regular: & a fig for the Doctors." Here was the quintessence of medical wisdom, rectified from the grosser particles of dry and learned dust—reduced and simplified to its lowest possible terms, like the Chinese Emperor's library, from one hundred and fifty thousand volumes of manuscripts, to one plain palm-leaf of wisdom and learning.

Various versions have been given of this story, but whether it be false or fair, it certainly may be ranked as a good fable, as full of significant sense, as "an egg is full of meat."—An ounce of reflection will be quantum sufficient as the doctors say, to perceive, that the want, or neglect of either is the beginning of disease; and the continuance of either for a long time will predispose the body, and mind also, to incurable diseases; and the unhappy person thus becomes the undoubted prey of quacks and cathartics. It is such poor souls who build mansions for the artful powder of post doctors, the most innocent of all the tribe, who employ so liberally the printers and painters to manufacture their medicinal signs and certificates.

If the feet be damp for any length of time, without muscular action, colds, &c., with their long train of evil symptoms must follow, as sure as cause and effect; and if the skin be not habitually kept free, and clean, nature's principal door being closed, the house must become smoky and full of crudities; the head cannot be kept cool, unless a wise regard is had to the quantity and quality of the articles conveyed into nature's kitchen, the stomach. Many know full well, by sad experience, that the head is far from being cool after the wine and viands of a fourth of July dinner, and such other days and nights; and it is very evident the body cannot be in health unless the fourth particular be daily attended to, viz. regular digestion. The lady in the kitchen when left to herself, and not disturbed, or crowded with too much, and too many articles, is a very orderly personage, manages all her concerns with care, and, with all, is nice and clean. Let her alone and do not crowd her principal apartment, and she will do very well, until the utensils are fairly worn out. To vary the figure, we may say that man is a harp of a thousand strings,—a strange that a harp of a thousand strings should keep in tune so long!—So long as the body is kept in good order, and all its parts duly exercised, the mind will play its part the better, provided always, as the Phrenologists say, the mental organs are fully developed.

From the Journal of Health.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH GLUTTON.

This is the title of an essay in "Traits of Travels," from which we extract the following picture: too true, unhappily, in its general outlines, tho' given by its author in a somewhat exaggerated style of coloring.

"My father was a plain sort of a man—liked plain speaking, plain feeding, and so on. But he had his antipathies—and among them was roast pig. Had he lived to our times, he might probably have been won over by a popular essay on the subject, which describes, in pathetic phrase, the manifold delights attending on that dish—the fat, which is no fat—the lean which is not lean—the eyes melting from their sockets, and other tender touches of description. Be this as it may, my unslightened parent would never suffer roast pig upon his table; and so it happened, that, at sixteen years of age, I had never seen one—but on the arrival of that anniversary, I was indulged by my mother with a most exquisite and tender two-months porker, in all its sucking innocence, and succulent delight, as the prime dish in that annual birthday feast, to which I was accustomed—in my own apartment—all doors closed—no ingress allowed—no intruding domestics—no greedy companions to divide my indulgence—no eyes to stare at me, or rob me of the pleasure with which I eat in, as it were in vision, the spirit of every anticipated preparation, while savoury fragrance was wafted to my brain, and seemed to float over my imagination in clouds of incense, at once voluptuous and invigorating. Ah, this is the full glory of my solitude; sublimely individual as the Grand Lama of Tibet, or the Brother of the Sun and Moon. The door was fastened—the servant evaporated—a fair proportion of preparatory foundation; soup, fish, &c. had been laid in *secundum artem*—the *mensa prima* in short, was just dispatched, when I gently raised the cover from the dish, where the beautiful porker lay smoking in his bright brown symmetry of form and hue, enveloped in a vapour of rich deliciousness, and floating in a gray of indescribable perfection! After those delightful moments of dalliance (almost dearer to the epicure

than the very fullness of actual indulgence) were well over—after my palate was prepared by preliminary inhalements of the odorous essence—I seized my knife and fork, and plunged in *medias res*. Never shall I forget the flavour of the first morsel—it was sublime! But oh! it was, as I may say, the last; for losing, in the excess of over-enjoyment, all presence of mind and management of mouth, I attacked without economy or method, my inanimate victim. It was one of my bovish extravagances to conform myself in these my solitary feasts to the strict regulations of Roman custom. I began with an egg, and ended with an apple, and flung into the fire place, (as there was no fire, it being the summer season) a little morsel, as an offering to the *dii patellarii*. On this occasion, however, I forgot myself and my habits—I rushed, as it were, upon my prey—slashed right and left, through crackling, stuffing, body, and bones. I flung aside the knife and fork—seized in my hands the passive animal with indiscriminate voracity—thrust whole ribs and limbs at once into my mouth—crammed the delicious ruin by wholesale down my throat, until my head began to swim—my eyes seemed starting from their sockets—a suffocating thickness seemed gathering in my throat—a fullness of breath seemed bursting through my skill—my veins seemed swelled into gigantic magnitude—I lost all reason and remembrance, and fell, in that state, fairly under the table.

"This, reader, is what we call, in common phrase, a surfeit. But what language may describe its consequences, or give a just expression to the sufferings it leaves behind? The first awakening from the apoplectic trance, as the lancet of the surgeon gives you a hint that you are alive, when the only taste upon the tongue—the only object in the eye—the only flavour in the nostril, is the once-loved, but now deep-loathed dish! The dandy sickening with which one turns, and twists, and closes one's eye-lids, and holds one's nose, and smacks one's lips—to shut out, and stifle, and shake off the detested sight, and smell, and taste; but in vain, in vain, in vain! But let me not press the point. Forty-two years have passed since that memorable day—forty thousand recollections of that infernal pig have flashed across my brain, and fastened on my palate, and fumed in my olfactory; and they are, every one, as fresh—what do I say? a million times more fresh and intolerable than ever! Fugh! It comes again."

CONSCIENCE.

An Indian being among his white neighbors, asked for a little tobacco to smoke; one of them having some loose in his pocket, gave him a handful. The following day the Indian came back enquiring for the donor, saying he had found a quarter dollar among the tobacco. Being told it was given him, he might keep it, he answered, pointing to his breast, "I got a good and bad man here—and the good man says it ain't mine, I must return it to the owner. The bad man says that, why he give it to you; and it is your own; the good man say that not right—the tobacco is yours, not the money; the bad man say, never mind, you got it, go buy some dram; the good man say, no, no, you must not do so; I don't know what to do; I think I go sleep, but the good man and bad man keep talking all night, and trouble me, and now I bring the money back I feel good!"

MORAL HONESTY.

They that neglect moral honesty, neglect that which is a great part of religion—their duty towards God, and their duty towards man. What care I to see a man run after a sermon, if he cheat as soon as he comes home? On the other side, morality must not be without religion; for if so, it may change.—Selden.

FRIENDSHIP.

A false friend is like the shadow on a dial—it appears in clear weather, but vanishes on the approach of a cloud. Is there a friend indeed? then wilt thou know her when thy acquaintance forsake thee? Will she defend thy innocence when all men accuse thee falsely? Will she bear reproach unjustly for thy sake? Take her to thy bosom: she is a jewel of high price—a diamond of inestimable value.

LAST HOURS OF WASHINGTON. From the Custis' Recollections, and Private Memoirs of the life and character of Washington.

Twenty eight years have passed since an interesting group were assembled in the death room, and witnessed the last hours of Washington. So keen and unsparing hath been the scythe of time, that of all those who watched over the patriarch's couch, on the 13th and 14th of December, 1799, but a single personage survives.

On the morning of the 13th the general was engaged in making some improvements in front of Mount Vernon. As was usual with him, he carried his own compass, noted his observations, and marked out the ground. The day became rainy, with sleet, & the improver remained so long exposed to the inclemency of the weather, as to be considerably wetted before his return to the house. About one o'clock, he was seized with chilliness and nausea but but having changed his clothes, he sat down to his dinner—there being no moment of his time for which he had not provided an appropriate employment.

At night, on joining the family circle, the general, complained of a slight indisposition, and, after a single cup of tea, repaired to his library, where he remained writing until between 11 and 12 o'clock. Mrs. Washington retired about the usual family hour, but becoming alarmed at not hearing the accustomed sound of the library door, as it closed for the night, and gave signal for rest in the well regulated mansion, she rose again, and continued sitting up, in much anxiety and suspense. At length the well known step was heard in the stair, and upon the general's entering his chamber, the body cluded him for trying up so late, knowing himself to be unwell, to which Washington made this memorable reply: "I came so soon as my business was accomplished. You well know, that through a long life, it has been my unvaried rule, never to put off till the morrow the duties which should be performed to day."

Having first covered up the fire with care, the man of mighty labors sought repose; but it came not as it had long wont to do, to comfort and restore, after the many and earnest occupations of the well spent day. The night was passed in feverish restlessness and pain. "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," was destined no more to visit his couch, yet the manly sufferer uttered no complaint, would permit no one to be disturbed in their rest, on his account, and it was only at day break he would consent that the overseer might be called in, and bleeding resorted to. A vein was opened, but without affording relief. Couriers were despatched to summon Dr. Craik, the family, and Drs. Dick and Brown, as consulting physicians, all of whom came with speed. The proper remedies were administered, but without producing their healing effects, while the patient, yielding to the anxious looks of all around him, waived his usual objections to medicines, and took those which were prescribed, without hesitation or remark. The medical gentlemen spared not their skill, and all the resources of their art were exhausted in unwaried endeavours to preserve this noblest work of nature.

The night approached—the last night of Washington; the weather became severely cold, while the group gathered nearer to the couch of the sufferer, watching with intense anxiety, for the slightest dawning of hope. He spoke but little. To the respectful and affectionate inquiries of an old family servant, as she smoothed down his pillow, how he felt himself, he answered "I am very ill." To Dr. Craik, his earliest companion in arms, longest tried and bosom friend, he observed: "I am dying sir—but am not afraid to die." To Mrs. Washington he said: "Go to my escritoire, and in the private drawer you will find two papers—bring them to me." They were brought. He continued: "These are my wills—preserve this one and burn the other," which was accordingly done. Calling to Col. Lear, he directed: "Let my corpse be kept for the usual period of three days."

Here we would beg leave to remind our readers, that, in a former part of this work, we have said that Washington was old fashioned in much of his habits and manners, and in some of his opinions; nor was he the less to be admired on these accounts. The custom of keeping the dead for the scriptural period of three days is derived from remote antiquity, and arose, not for fear of premature interment, as in more modern times, but from motives of veneration towards the deceased; for the better enabling the relatives and friends to assemble from a distance, to perform the funeral rites; for the pious watchings of the corpse, and for many sad, yet endearing ceremonial with which we delight to pay our last duties to the remains of those we love.

The patient bore his acute sufferings with manly fortitude, and perfect resignation to the divine will, while as the night advanced, it became evident that he was sinking, and he seemed fully aware that "his hour was nigh." He inquired the time, and was answered, a few moments to twelve. He spoke no more—the hand of death was upon him, and he was conscious that his "hour was come." With surprising self possession he prepared to die. Composing his form at length, and folding his arms on his bosom, without a sigh, without a groan, the father of his country expired, gently as though an infant died.—Nor pang nor struggle told, when the noble spirit took its noiseless flight; while so tranquil appeared the manly features in the repose of death, that some moments had passed ere those around could believe that the patriarch was no more.

It may be asked, and why was the ministry of religion wanting to shed its peaceful and benign lustre upon the last hours of Washington? Why was he, to whom the observances of sacred things were ever primary duties through life, without their consolations in his last moments? We answer, circumstances did not permit. It was but for a little while that the disease assumed so threatening a character as to forbid the encouragement of hope; yet, to stay that summons which none may refuse, to give still further days to him whose "time-honoured life" was so dear to mankind, prayer was not wanting to the throne of grace. Close to the couch of the sufferer, resting her head upon that ancient book, with which she had been wont to hold pious communion, a portion of every day for more than half a century, was the venerable consort, absorbed in silent prayer, and from which she only arose when the mourning group prepared to bear her from the chamber of the dead. Such were the last hours of Washington.

A Popish priest, in Ireland, who is making the Scriptures his daily study, and is an advocate for the schools in that country, which most of the priests oppose, lately met one of the scholars going to school, and asked him what book it was he carried under his arm? It is a will, sir, said the boy. "What will?" rejoined the priest. "The last will and testament that Jesus Christ left to me and to all who desire to claim a title in the property therein bequeathed," replied the boy. "What did Christ leave you in that will?" "A kingdom sir." "Where does that kingdom lie?" "It is the kingdom of heaven sir." "And do you expect to reign as a king there?" "Yes, sir, as joint heir with Christ." "And will not every person get there as well as you?" No sir; none can get there but those that claim their title to that kingdom upon the ground of the will." The priest asked him several other questions, to which the boy gave such satisfactory answers as quite astonished him. Indeed, said he, "you are a good little boy—take care of the book wherein God gives you such precious promises; believe what he has said and you will be happy here and hereafter."

Curing bacon.—The following simple mode for curing bacon is recommended, and the authority of a gentleman, and the example of many who have adopted it in England.

"When the bacon is prepared for smoking, say one hundred weight, use four pounds of wood soot in as much water as will cover it—let it lie twelve hours, then hang it up in a dry place, after which it will be fit for use in a few days.

SCOLDING.

I never knew a scolding person that was able to govern a family. What makes people scold? Because they cannot govern themselves. How then, can they govern others? Those who govern well are generally calm. They are prompt and resolute, but steady and mild.

Examine carefully before you decide.

The only secret I have found to prevent the evils of life, is to do nothing without having well examined beforehand in what we are going to embark. In most things we undertake, the beginnings are agreeable; they seduce us, but we should think of the end. They are paths strewn with flowers. Where these paths lead to, is the most important question.

Dobson's Petrarch.

